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# The Shape of Things

A REMARK BY THE WIFE OF A LONDON BUS driver after the German mass air raid on the capital's southwestern suburbs is an indication of the spirit with which the British people are taking the intensified attack upon them. A bomb splinter came through the roof of this woman's kitchen and knocked a bowl of eggs from the shelf. "It was a very unfortunate experience," said Mrs. Parker, "because eggs are so scarce these days." Eggs will be scarcer before the Nazi onslaught on England is over, but a people so annoyingly calm are not easily terrorized. Vincent Sheean in this issue suggests that an attempt may be made to land German troops in Ireland as the back door to England. "Air infantry" may be used against Britain itself. Warnings similar to those issued in the Lowlands and French campaigns have been served on the British to treat parachute troops "according to international law." These warnings are intended to terrorize, but they are unlikely to accomplish what actual air raids have been unable to do. The gap between English and German claims in scoring this terrible game of war over Britain is wide. But the ease with which the British seem able to stage their reprisal raids within the Reich suggests that German air power is not so overwhelming as Goebbels would like us to believe. The declaration of a German blockade against Britain in retaliation for the British blockade of Germany is good propaganda for home consumption in the Reich, but it takes more than a declaration to make a blockade.

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ITALY CONTINUES TO PULL STRAY HAIRS from the besieged lion's tail. London admits the evacuation of Berbera and the loss of Somaliland to superior Italian forces striking down the mountain passes from Ethiopia into the arid coastal plain. With characteristic braggadocio—it is not strange that one must go to the Italian to find the word for it—Rome compares this pigmy triumph to Dunkerque. More important than the loss to the British Empire of Somaliland's resin is the strategic value of the territory. British supplies from India for the troops and ships in the eastern Mediterranean will now be subject to Italian attack along 1,000 miles of the route. Haile Selassie may find painful satisfaction in the spectacle, for an independent and pro-British Ethiopia would have made the attack on Somaliland far more difficult, if not impossible. While Il Duce is now undisputed master of the Somalis and their flocks, he seems to be losing control of the air over northern Italy. For the third time in a week British planes have bombed aircraft plants at Milan and Turin, making a 1,600-mile round trip.

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BENITO MUSSOLINI'S NEWEST ROLE IN THE Balkans must be giving rise to bitter gaiety in the mountains above Tirana. Il Duce has cast himself as Protector of the Albanians and demands that Greece restore Albania's lost province of Ciamuria. This benevolent interest in the aspirations of the Albanian people has not kept him from sending troops across the Otranto Straits to put down a rebellion of mountaineers. No doubt these mountaineers would like to see Ciamuria recovered from Greece, but they are more concerned at the moment with recovering the rest of Albania from Italy. Il Duce is prepared to restore anything to the Albanians except Albania. Ciamuria is the pretext for the current Italian campaign to frighten Greece into giving up as much of its territory as possible. The brave Duce knows the art of the stab in the back and the swift retreat into the shadows. A few days after his campaign began, "an unidentified submarine" sank the Greek cruiser Helle while it was participating in a national religious festival, the celebration of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. Later in the same day unidentified planes bombed a Greek pleasure steamer crowded with holiday makers. The Italian government blames the British, and implies that if Greece does not soon surrender to Italian demands "the British" may strike again. The Rome press protests that Catholic Italy would never dream of committing such a crime on a holy occasion, but the Greeks recall that Corfu was bombed by Il Duce on a holiday in 1922, and the Albanians remember that Mussolini seized Albania on Good Friday.

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MR. BULLITT'S ADDRESS IN PHILADELPHIA last Sunday was the most startling and impressive warning heard since the war began. Speaking with the authority of his position as Ambassador to France and with the knowledge and consent of the State Department, Mr. Bullitt in effect issued a declaration of war against the United States by Germany. He said flatly that if the Nazis conquered Britain they would attack this country, and he urged the United States to speed help to Britain and itself prepare without delay to defend its independence and its democracy. Drawing upon his day-by-day experience of the conquest and collapse of the French republic, he uttered a stern warning to an America which, he believes, is drifting in a fog of unreality, as the French drifted—to their destruction. Not one word in his speech suggests the rather complacent attitude conveyed by his assertions on his return from France that the Pétain government was doing a good job and enjoyed the confidence of the people. One can only assume that those remarks were intended to quiet speculation. They accomplished just the opposite effect and helped to weaken further Mr. Bullitt's influence in important circles where it was already weak. As a result, his latest speech may be discounted when it should be given most serious attention.

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TWO OF MR. BULLITT'S DIRECT STATEMENTS are particularly disturbing. He says that Communists worked with fascists to bring about the downfall of France and that "more than one-half the spies captured doing actual military spy work against the French army were refugees from Germany." Coming from a person so highly informed, these charges cannot be casually dismissed. If true, their significance for this country is apparent. But both assertions are directly contrary to information that has been received by *The Nation* and by responsible refugee agencies. Correspondents in Britain and France have testified over and over to the remarkably clean record of the German refugees who fled from the Nazi terror. Hitler has had better ways to conceal his agents than in the guise of refugees, watched by the police, herded into internment camps, and surrounded by genuine anti-fascists alert to report suspicious words or acts. We think Mr. Bullitt is under obligation to issue an expanded statement, buttressed by proof, on this particular point. As to the Communists, we have had no doubt that their influence in France was anti-war and defeatist and, as a consequence, helpful to Hitler. So it is in this country. The charge that the Communists acted "as spies and agents of the dictators" and deliberately sabotaged France's war efforts calls for careful and public substantiation. The continued toleration of the Communist Party as a legal organization in the United States may hang on the accuracy of Mr. Bullit's report.

CONTROL OF THE RICH CITY OF SHANGHAI remains wholly unsettled as we go to press. Although the Shanghai Defense Council voted two to one to intrust the business districts of the city to the American marines in place of the retiring British troops, Japan has refused thus far to accept the decision. Japan has long controlled the Chinese areas surrounding the city, but the Settlement itself with its hundreds of thousands of Chinese and foreign residents has constituted a stronghold of resistance against Japanese economic and political penetration. The 2,000 American marines who remain in the Settlement are hardly more than a symbol of declining Western influence in the face of vigorous Japanese expansion. But behind those 2,000 marines lies the power of the United States. The recent action of the President in making the export of scrap iron and petroleum products subject to license means more to the United States in this crisis than five divisions of troops at Shanghai. If the appeasement clique in the State Department can be held in check, there is every reason to believe that the United States can withstand Japan's challenge.

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THE LOBBY AGAINST THE EXCESS-PROFITS tax is giving a nimble performance. Having managed to whittle the rate and the basis of taxation down to the point where the yield this year will be only about $165,000,000—a flyspeck of revenue against an expected deficit of $5,700,000,000—it has shifted its attack and is urging that passage of an excess-profits tax be postponed altogether. K. T. Norris, of the Norris Stamping and Manufacturing Company of Los Angeles, told the House Ways and Means Committee that "the amount of revenue from the proposed excess-profits tax is hardly enough to justify holding back the defense program." Fortunately the rumble of protest rising from the country makes it politically unwise to put the excess-profits tax on the shelf. The Farm Bureau Federation is asking that the rates be raised and making embarrassing comments on the contrast between $21 a month for conscripts and the profits being paid on tanks, planes, and guns. The Farm Bureau Federation, usually friendly to big business, must be hearing from the folks back home to take so strong a position.

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NEWSPAPER REFERENCES TO AN "EMBARGO" on steel scrap are misleading. Exports of No. 1 heavy-melting scrap are the only ones affected by the recent Presidential order on scrap, and that was a licensing, not an embargo, order. The State Department is giving out no figures to show how many licenses are being granted, but the New York *Journal of Commerce*, one of the most reliable sources of news on commodities, reports that "export tonnage of scrap has continued at a high rate despite the recent proclamation of the President."

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The National Defense Advisory Commission is said to be considering making a request that the Presidential order be extended to all grades of scrap. It should be done at once.

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UNDER PRESSURE FROM THE RANK AND FILE of the A. F. of L. William Green has decided not to support the Smith committee's amendments to the Wagner Act, and as a result their passage has probably been blocked. Until now the National Association of Manufacturers has been able to use the A. F. of L. leadership as its stooge in the fight to emasculate the Wagner Act. But Mr. Green has just informed an executive session of the Senate Labor Committee that he would rather have the Wagner Act remain unchanged than see the committee amendments adopted. Mr. Girdler will be displeased at the news that Mr. Green objects to the amendment limiting back-pay awards under the act. The Associated Farmers and the packers will be shocked to learn that he has expressed opposition to the one that exempts some 400,000 cannery and cotton-gin employees from the protection of the act. The N. A. M. will be heartbroken to hear that he is dead set against permitting the courts to review facts as well as law in NLRB cases. It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Green is acting like a labor leader again.

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OF IMPORTANCE TO THE DEFENSE PROGRAM is the anti-trust trial of the Aluminum Company of America, now entering its final stage after more than two years of testimony. The Aluminum Company claims that it is not a complete monopoly because its product must compete with scrap, European imports, and other metals. A meat packers' trust might similarly argue that it wasn't a complete monopoly because it didn't control pickings from garbage cans, couldn't shut off all imports of meat, and had no way to prevent people from using other foods instead of meat. Despite the absence, under this curious definition, of a complete monopoly, the Aluminum Company manages to get along. Gross profits last year from sales of aluminum sheets of the kind used in military aircraft ranged from 99 to 229 per cent on production costs—military planes are more than 80 per cent aluminum. Walter L. Rice, special assistant in charge of the trial for the Attorney General, charged that the aluminum monopoly was a defense bottleneck. The taxpayer who will foot the bill will also be interested to learn that raw aluminum is 18 cents a pound, although according to the government's estimate it is produced at a cost of only 9.6 cents a pound. But as the Aluminum Company points out, it is no monopoly; if the government doesn't want to pay 18 cents a pound for aluminum for planes, it is free to build them of iron, tin, or porcelain.

# *New Defense Frontiers*

THE President's action in arranging with Prime Minister King of Canada for the establishment of a permanent joint defense board has gained popular approval on both sides of the border. A few of our isolationists have expressed misgivings at a step which binds the United States in a military pact with a country which is an active belligerent in the European war, but it is generally recognized even in isolationist circles that the United States dare not stand by and allow Canada to fall into the hands of a hostile power. And the tragic collapse of Belgian and Dutch defenses because of lack of coordination with the Allied General Staff has brought home the folly of postponing military consultations until an attack is actually begun.

The American people, however, should recognize the full significance of the step that has just been taken. If England is successfully invaded, the British government may retreat to Canada and carry on the war from this hemisphere. The act of setting up a joint defense board does not in itself commit the United States to defend Canada under any and all circumstances, but, from a realistic standpoint, what other choice exists? To allow Canada to fall under Nazi rule would be an invitation to an invasion of the United States along the one frontier which, at present, cannot be defended. The President has already made it clear on several occasions that we will defend Canada. The creation of the joint defense board indicates that we mean business.

Of scarcely less importance are the negotiations now under way for the leasing of naval and air bases in Britain's insular possessions in this hemisphere. Military men have long been saying that effective defense must start some distance from our shores. Their insistence, however, was relatively academic as long as the islands nearest the United States belonged to a friendly and unthreatened nation. The new Puerto Rican naval and military base afforded adequate protection for the Panama Canal against any but a first-rank naval power. Today, however, we face a drastically altered situation. Control of the British and French fleets would make it possible for Hitler with his tremendous air force to strike an effective blow at the canal defenses. This threat would be minimized if the United States had air and naval bases at Trinidad and Bermuda. In recent months there has been a good deal of jingoistic talk about demanding these British possessions either in payment of the war debt or as a price for supplying Britain with the fifty over-age destroyers which it so sorely needs. But no such imperialistic designs appear to have entered into the President's negotiations. The bases, if obtained, will be leased, and there will be no question of change of sovereignty.

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The sale of America's surplus destroyers to Great Britain is obviously a related issue, but the relationship is of a different character from that suggested. Our real frontier for purposes of defense today lies in the British Isles. If Britain's defense can be bolstered sufficiently, it will not be necessary for us to expend hundreds of millions of dollars on new naval bases. The American people have gradually come to recognize this fact. A recent Gallup poll shows that more than 60 per cent of those who expressed an opinion on the issue favored sale of the destroyers without any strings attached. To be sure, Germany may choose to interpret the sale as an act of war, though the chances are heavily against such an interpretation. Any action today in defense of our rights involves risks. In facing the new world created by Hitler's successes the President has the delicate task of showing firmness without being reckless or provocative, of building a hemisphere defense without being imperialistic, of creating a strong army without yielding to militarism.

# *Wendell Willkie's Speech*

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

WENDELL WILLKIE started the campaign off with a dud. The speech at Elwood contained no spark and no material a spark could ignite. The huge crowd assembled under the Indiana sun to hear it displayed nothing more than conventional polite enthusiasm. Only once did they stop Willkie with cheers. He gave them nothing to cheer about. The homely, native-son touches were somehow flat rather than appealing; the vigor sounded pumped-up. The contradictions in his argument were glaring and should have been edited out by one of his experienced advisers. All in all, the speech lacked power, persuasion, and eloquence.

It might have sounded better if its build-up had been less elaborate. Having been fed for weeks on hints of its contents and reports of its progress, the public was led to expect something momentous if not memorable. And this brings up a question as to the technique of the Willkie campaign. The moribund Republican machine has been pushed into the shed and its job taken over by as slick and shiny a mechanical "job" as the country has seen. Superficially there is no comparison between the two. The old machine was clumsy, creaking, and it smelled. The new machine performs several operations at once with smooth precision. It whips up public excitement without letting the public know where the emotion starts from; it dresses the candidate from top to toe in homespun glamour; it grinds out spontaneity and amateur enthusiasms that look almost authentic. It puts on, in short, the sort of advertising campaign that has proved in dollars its ability to sell the American public almost anything. Can it sell us Wendell Willkie? The flat after-taste of his acceptance speech makes me wonder. A little less advance publicity, a little less build-up, and that speech might have sounded like an adequate run-of-the-campaign talk. Before he has finished, Mr. Willkie may wish he had that old-model machine back again, with bosses instead of advertising copywriters in the driver's seat.

Wendell Willkie, as everyone expected, pronounced himself totally opposed to the New Deal and then swallowed it almost whole. The parts he rejected are the parts that penalize business, particularly the Administration's tax measures. But he favors regulation of "the forces of free enterprise." He is opposed to monopoly. He believes in collective bargaining protected by law, and in minimum-wage and maximum-hour requirements which should "constantly rise." He believes in federal regulation of interstate utilities, stock markets, and banks. He supports federal pensions and adequate old-age and unemployment benefits. He believes in relief for the farmer, through "parity of prices" if possible. He believes in encouraging cooperative enterprises and in rural electrification. He believes that "those whom private industry cannot support must be supported by government agency, whether federal or state." And he doesn't stop there. He also favors the Administration's foreign policy. He recognizes that the loss of the British fleet would be a "calamity" and explicitly supports the President's announced determination to "extend to the opponents of force the material resources of this nation." He accepts the principle of selective service and of increased defense.

But a Republican candidate cannot run for office exclusively on the Democratic record and platform; and Mr. Willkie expressed as much divergence from the New Deal as his basic agreement permitted. In the first place, he would do what the New Deal has done without spending so much money. How, he didn't say, but perhaps he will before the campaign is over. In the second place, he is for increased employment in private industry. In fact, he favors prosperity. This is to be achieved by two rather simple devices: he will not attack business men, and he will not levy taxes for political purposes but only to raise money.

Now, since these points about sum up Mr. Willkie's differences from Mr. Roosevelt, it is worth while examining them. First, as to his attitude toward business, I think we can assume that Mr. Willkie, if he becomes President, will be more consistently friendly than Mr. Roosevelt has been. If this produces the confidence which in turn produces prosperity, Mr. Willkie will deserve credit. But let's not forget that this friendliness is not to be demonstrated by concessions in matters of wage-and-hour regulations, collective-bargaining requirements, or anti-monopoly actions. On the contrary; such safe-

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guards are to be maintained and built even more stoutly. Business confidence has to be won by an amiability which operates across those barricades. That's what Mr. Willkie has promised.

Second, as to taxes: Let us assume that Mr. Willkie, having been elected, draws up a schedule of federal taxation for revenue only, based strictly on ability to pay. Does he really believe such a tax bill will ease the burdens on business in a period when government costs must be geared to a swiftly expanding program of rearmament, especially if social services are fully maintained? I am sure he knows better. Business faces more, not less, control by government; heavier, not lighter, taxation. He knows that the social protections built up during the past seven years—mostly in the face of Republican opposition—can be maintained, if at all, only by the toughest sort of resistance to business pressure. He knows that the country is heading into a period when business expansion will be conditioned not by tax laws but by the demands of a growing war economy. "Candor," he said, "is the hope of democracy. We must not kid ourselves any longer." If Mr. Willkie had taken his precept to heart, he would have discussed some of these glaringly obvious facts.

In his remarks on foreign affairs Wendell Willkie performed a valuable service. He joined the President in support of the most crucially necessary policies: prompt measures of internal defense and help for Britain. His speech should end delays in Congress in both directions. But when Mr. Willkie coupled this forthright position with general and unsubstantiated criticisms of the President's conduct of foreign policy, he descended to cheap partisanship. "There have been occasions when many of us have wondered if he is deliberately inciting us to war." "He has dabbled in inflammatory statements and manufactured panics." "The President's attacks on foreign powers have been useless and dangerous." "He has secretly meddled in the affairs of Europe." I believe the American people will decide that this is an exaggerated and unfair description of the President's acts. He has, to be sure, attacked Hitler and expressed his belief that fascist aggression, triumphant in Europe, will threaten the Americas. He has tried to rally democratic resistance to this threat.

But isn't Mr. Willkie guilty of like indiscretions? Only a paragraph or so removed from his attack on Mr. Roosevelt we find these words: "If the British fleet were lost or captured, the Atlantic might be dominated by Germany, a power hostile to our way of life, controlling . . . most of the ships and the shipbuilding facilities of Europe. This would be a calamity for us. We might be exposed to an attack on the Atlantic." In those lines the only weasel words are two "mights." And in a later paragraph Mr. Willkie pretty nearly dares Hitler to attack us.. "We must face," he says, "a brutal but [*sic*] a terrible fact. Our way of life is in competition with Hitler's way of life." "I promise, by returning to those same American principles that overcame German autocracy once before, to outdistance Hitler in any contest he chooses in 1940 or after. And I promise you that, when we beat him, we shall beat him on our own terms and in the American way." Those words sound belligerent, and I'm not sure that Mr. Willkie is not "deliberately inciting us to war" and "dabbling in inflammatory statements."

The wide area of agreement between the leading Presidential candidates should not be taken as a sign that the campaign will be a tame one. Willkie's appeal is necessarily directed to the millions of independent voters who in the past two elections supported Roosevelt; he has the Republican reactionaries in his pocket to start with and need not waste ammunition on them. He must win liberals; to do so he must tackle forthwith the knotty problems that emerge when social reform and national defense and economy are compressed into the same program. He has challenged the President to debate the major issues of the campaign. I hope Mr. Roosevelt will find the time and the will to do so—at least once. That proposal was the best thing in Mr. Willkie's speech.

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# *Ireland: Back Door to Invasion*

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

*London, August 1*

IRELAND today presents one of the most curious pictures of its strange, unhappy history. With the German assault on Britain mounting to its climax, those who govern Eire still cling to a doctrine of absolute neutrality whatever may happen.

The parallel to the cases of Holland, Belgium, and Norway in previous phases of this war has been pointed out repeatedly but makes little impression on the ordinary Irish people. They are the heirs of a seven hundred years' struggle against England, and until the actual moment when they face the German invader, if that moment ever comes, they will continue to think the British more dangerous to them than any other race.

When war started, De Valera proclaimed the neutrality of the Free State in clearest terms. In the debate in the Dail Eirann which followed he was criticized not so much for proclaiming neutrality as for being half-hearted in it. The fact that cities were advised to black-out lights at night was used by some opposition critics to suggest that De Valera's government was not, in reality, neutral. De Valera replied by referring to the example of Switzerland, which, although a determinedly neutral country, had enforced blackouts.

As the war went on without approaching any nearer to Irish shores, there was a general relaxation of tension in Eire. Blackouts were not enforced—are still not enforced—and people in general took to making jokes about the war, often at the expense of the ancient enemy, Britain. It is a typical Irish contradiction that although the Irish people hope, or think they hope, that England may suffer reverses, at the same time they have a simple childlike faith that this will never happen. There are probably no people in the world who have a greater instinctive belief in British courage, skill, and perseverance than the Irish. But apparently it used to be the usual thing last winter in Irish pubs for one man to say to another, "Let's have a drink to Hitler," and often any passing reverse to Britain was mentioned as "one in the eye for old England." Such merriment was in no way dampened by the fact that there are thousands of Irish serving in various regiments of the British army.

After the Norway campaign a general uneasiness began throughout the Emerald Isle. It rose sharply after May 10, when Hitler invaded the Low Countries, and by the beginning of June, when the French army was in full flight, Ireland at last awoke with a start to the reality of its geographical position. De Valera spoke several times in June and July about the immediate desperate danger for the nation. The National Defense Council was formed, with three representatives of Cosgrave's party and the leader of the Labor Party included in its membership, along with De Valera's Defense and Supply Ministers. Every effort was made toward the semblance of unity between all parties, and late in June all three leaders—De Valera, Cosgrave, and Norton, the head of the Labor Party—spoke from the same platform on the College Green in Dublin, calling the nation to awareness of its danger.

In my opinion nothing brought home to the Irish the real gravity of the situation like this temporary appearance of unity. It must be remembered that the two leading parties, Fianna Fail and Fine Gael, were busily engaged in shooting at each other not many years ago in the Irish civil war. De Valera, head of Fianna Fail, and Cosgrave, head of Fine Gael, have not addressed one word to each other for eighteen years. Even when they spoke recently from the same platform calling the nation to defend itself against possible invasion, they did not greet each other. Under such circumstances—all of which are well known and well understood among the people—any form of political union shows the man in the street that the danger is real and no longer a subject for jokes.

The semblance of union is perhaps deceptive. My impression in Dublin was that all authority is still firmly in the hands of the De Valera government. Opposition parties are indeed represented in the National Defense Council, which meets once a week, but my information is that no decisions are taken by this body. What happens is that De Valera's government decides its course and then confronts the National Defense Council with certain recommendations, to which scarcely any alternative is offered. Cosgrave's party, Fine Gael, which accepted the peace treaty in 1921 and governed Ireland during the first ten years of freedom, is almost as large as De Valera's Fianna Fail but is not genuinely consulted.

The main question is naturally defense against possible aggression, but what might have been relatively simple is immensely complicated by Ireland's political history, tradition, and essential nature. It seems impossible that any party or leader would ask British help to defend the country against invasion from overseas. This is due to something so fundamental in the Irish people themselves that it sometimes seems instinctive, like fear, hunger, or sex. In private conversations Irish leaders say quite frankly that they have no doubt that British inten-

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tions are good—that is, Britain does not aim at the destruction of Irish freedom and independence. It is well understood by educated Irishmen that this is a defense problem pure and simple both for England and for Ireland. Nevertheless, what might have been and should have been a purely military question is transformed into a political tangle by the traditions of Irish life.

The simplest form of the instinctive Irish resistance to British help is this: "It took us seven hundred years to get the British out of here last time. If we let them in now, how long will it take to get them out?" It was almost exactly in these words that one Irish leader stated the problem to me. In the very next sentence he admitted that he did not think the British wished now to rule Ireland, but he thought the risk was too great to take.

Under these circumstances it has proved almost useless for the British to make conciliatory offers. The problem of partition—that is, the existence of the six northern counties as a separate commonwealth within the British Empire—might have been solved in this emergency if that haunting Irish fear of the British could have been exorcised. The leaders know better, but apparently they are helpless. I was repeatedly told in Dublin that any leader who invited the British in to help Ireland defend itself, under no matter what conditions, could never hold office or enjoy public respect again.

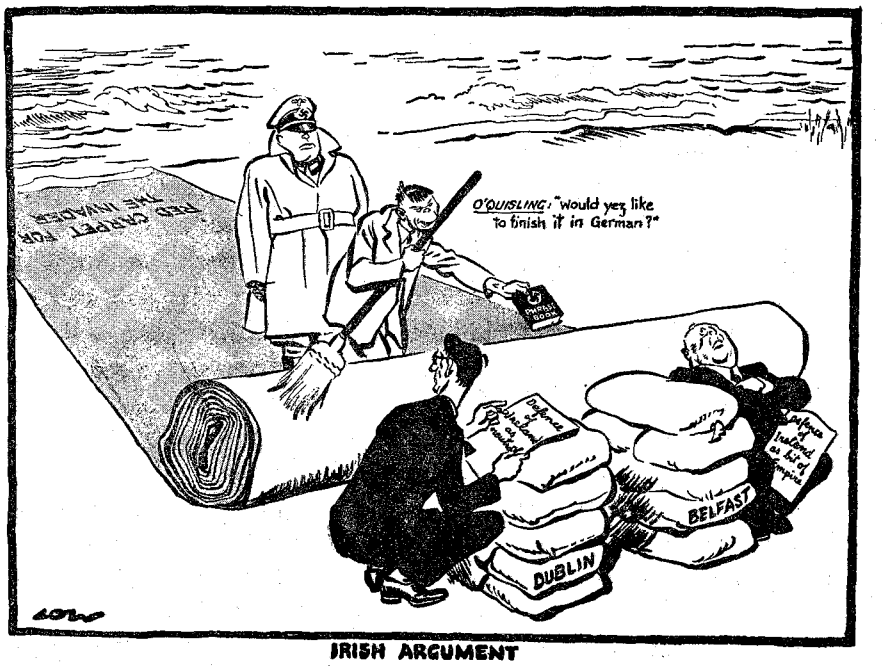
The military situation is clear but difficult to explain under censorship rules. The Irish Free State army contains one good, well-equipped division but is without mechanized force or heavy artillery. There are twelve airplanes, no tanks, and no fortifications. The regular army of roughly twenty thousand men has been augmented in the past few weeks by recruits amounting to some seventy thousand, distributed among the National Army—still untrained and unequipped—the local Security Force, and the Red Cross. All this and much more is abundantly known to the Germans, who maintain a large legation in Dublin and have friendly agents throughout the country with free code communication with Berlin.

The geographical situation is also painfully clear. The island would be invaluable to the Germans in case they wished to establish a siege all around England and to paralyze or attempt to paralyze the western ports. There are many open, relatively flat fields in southern and southeastern Ireland, suitable for landing fields. In addition there is scarcely a place on the island where gliders could not land easily. The Irish seem to be under the delusion that the Germans can land only at airports, of which there are only two in Ireland. The fact that gliders can land practically anywhere has not yet penetrated. Most Irishmen say, "Planes cannot land in a bog or on hills, and most of Ireland is bog or hill." The fact is that a glider lands at twenty miles per hour and can quite comfortably come to rest on a bog or a hillside.

Under these military and geographical conditions it is amazing to an observer to see how little ordinary Irishmen realize their position. Many of them refer to the troubled times twenty years ago—as if those minor guerrilla actions bore any resemblance to modern warfare. Another unreal factor in the situation is Irish confidence in Irish courage. Nobody doubts the Irish are a very brave people. But in contemporary warfare courage is by no means a decisive factor. Reflecting upon events of the past two years all over the world, one finds it downright pathetic that the Irish should place such faith in their own courage when it is, practically speaking, weaponless.

The political dangers of "neutrality" are also very great. Activity in the German legation in Dublin is great. Its protests to the Irish government are numerous and arrive almost daily. Practically anything is accounted a violation of "neutrality" and forms a basis for German protest. It seems to me the Germans in Dublin are acting just as a criminal lawyer acts in piling up objections which, although overruled, nevertheless serve to make out a case later on for appeal.

It is difficult to estimate the activity of the German agents and their sympathizers in Ireland, but it is undoubtedly considerable. Some Irish Republicans have engaged in work with the Germans. One of them, Mrs. Francis Stewart, who is the daughter of the celebrated Maud Gonne, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment this week for harboring a German spy. Three years each were given to some alleged Dutchmen, presumably Ger-




IRISH ARGUMENT

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mans, who landed on the coast of Kerry. Rumors concerning Counties Kerry and Cork are more persistent than any others, and some people in Dublin believe that the activity of German spies there is approaching the maximum.

One of the main anxieties of the Irish leaders at present is to avoid any "excuse" for German invasion. They seem unaware that no excuse will be necessary if the invasion of Ireland seems strategically desirable to the German High Command. If its plan includes Ireland, it will invade Ireland no matter what steps the Irish politicians take to make their neutrality beyond suspicion.

If the worst comes to the worst, my belief is that the Irish will resist the German invader and will not resist any possible British attempt to help them which comes subsequently. Even this is uncertain, however, and there can be little doubt that there would be two fifth columns in Ireland, one pro-British and one pro-German. I doubt whether De Valera could openly appeal for British help even if the Germans came. He is more likely to acquiesce —meanwhile sending eloquent messages to the Pope and to Roosevelt protesting that he wished nothing but peace.

# *Aviation's Sitdown Strike*

BY I. F. STONE

## II. Hitler's American Planes

DURING the last war our defense industries were not allowed to write off their new plants at the expense of the Treasury. They paid excess-profits taxes far higher than those now being enacted by Congress. To judge by present-day spokesmen for aviation, this should have been ruinous, especially since the whole period of preparedness and participation lasted less than half the five-year period they seem to consider desirable. Yet the balance sheets of steel, arms, ship, plane, and munitions companies emerged without having been seriously maimed.

Were aviation one of those rugged-individualist industries that neither give nor ask any quarter from government, its insistence on driving a hard bargain at whatever cost to the defense program might evoke the admiration we all have for the bolder forms of piracy. But aviation has been leaning on the government for many years. The Black investigation of air-mail contracts and the Nye committee findings have been too quickly forgotten. It is well to recall that government aid made the development of aviation possible and that the aviation industry in turn played an important part in giving Hitler the world's greatest air fleet. The companies are now intent on cashing in at our government's expense on the menace they helped to create.

Aviation did well last time. Elsbeth E. Freudenthal, a security analyst, presented a vivid summary of aviation's war record in her book "The Aviation Business: From Kitty Hawk to Wall Street." From April, 1917, to November, 1918, the government appropriated a billion and a quarter dollars and actually spent a billion dollars on army planes. But on November 11, 1918, only 196 planes had finally reached the battle front, and 602 were available behind the lines. Charles Evans Hughes, who recommended a court martial for the leading business man on the Aircraft Production Board, investigated aviation's record at the request of Woodrow Wilson. His pre-Armistice report indicated that while there was a lag in production there was no lag in profits. He estimated that Fisher Body, now part of General Motors, would make $5,500,000, that Packard's aircraft investment of $5,500,000 would yield a profit of about $8,000,000, that Ford would make a total of $5,375,000 on 5,000 engines, or a little more than $1,000 profit per engine. On this basis, Ford's boast that he can now turn out 1,000 engines a day may well add insomnia to Mr. Morgenthau's other troubles.

After the war, in the seductive language of a current big-business public-relations campaign, aviation was one of our "new frontiers." But government agencies rather than private enterprise played the major role in clearing that frontier; the Curtisses and Boeings who helped to develop aviation, like the free-lance fliers of the Lindbergh type, received little encouragement from finance. A United States navy plane achieved the first crossing of the Atlantic. United States army fliers made the first round-the-world flight. The army and the Post Office established the first day-and-night air mail and developed it into a regular transcontinental service. Private companies did not take over until after 1925, when air-mail subsidies were established. The air-mail subsidies, the experimental work of the army and navy, and government orders for planes were the basis for aviation's expansion in the latter half of the twenties. More than a billion dollars was given the companies for carrying the mails from 1925 to 1933. The army and navy five-year aviation programs of 1926 and the programs of the succeeding years provided from half to two-thirds of the orders which made the expansion of aircraft manufacture possible from 1927 to 1933.

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Thus the government fed both flying and manufacturing, and its aid was requited in characteristic fashion. Holding-company devices were used to milk the air-mail routes, and in the almost complete absence of competitive bidding on army and navy planes the manufacturing companies made huge profits. Pratt and Whitney Aircraft made 73 per cent in one year on army orders, and in 1933, not a boom year, Grumman made a 70 per cent profit. The Nye committee showed that an original $1,000 investment in Pratt and Whitney Aircraft had earned a total of $11,437,250 by 1932, or a total return —I blush for the astronomical figure—of 1,143,725 per cent. By far the largest part of this came from government contracts. An industry so generously fed at the public trough is not in the best moral position to wage a sitdown strike against the defense program.

Aviation, like other arms industries, is not inclined toward pacifism. Berlin and Tokyo have been the main sources whence the blessings of rearmament flow, and both have had the aid of American aviation. This does not mean that American builders of aircraft are sympathetic to the Axis. A strict impartiality has generally characterized the armament business. If our aviation industry sold more than $15,000,000 worth of aircraft to Japan from 1935 to 1938, it sold $20,000,000 worth to China. In Europe, during that period, the Soviet Union was the largest purchaser of American aircraft. Like the Red Cross, armament knows no barrier of blood, class, color, or ideology. But since the defense program against which American aviation is waging its sitdown strike arises largely from the threat of German air power, it is not untimely to survey the part played by American aviation in the creation of this threat.

Three American aviation companies extended aid to Hitler in building up his air fleet: Pratt and Whitney, Curtiss-Wright, and Douglas Aircraft. Equally valuable help was rendered by Sperry Gyroscope, maker of automatic pilots, gyro compasses, and other aviation instruments. At the time of the Nye committee investigation in 1935 the du Ponts, through General Motors, had a sizable interest in all these companies and were of substantial aid to Hitler rearmament in the field of chemicals and munitions as well. In the field of aviation the four companies named gave their aid by direct exports of aircraft in violation of our separate treaty of peace with Germany and by licensing contracts under which American patents were used to manufacture planes, engines, and parts within the Reich. The Nye committee found that our own War and Navy departments permitted this trade to go on in violation of the treaty despite the fact that as early as May, 1931, the policy of the government, as laid down by Stimson when Secretary of State under Hoover, opposed arms exports to Germany.

Not all aviation representatives found the Third Reich as pleasant as Lindbergh did. "I have just returned from Berlin," a United Aircraft emissary reported to the home office in March, 1933, "and was indeed glad to get away from there on account of the Nazi situation at the moment." Nevertheless, he did not overlook business possibilities. "Germany's determination to have an air force," he noted, "is now taking definite form rather rapidly. One of the large bank buildings has been taken over by the aviation bureau. My friend, Dr. Milch, technical director of Lufthansa, has been made state secretary for air 'traffic.' *My conversations with the various departments indicate that their interests extend far beyond matters of traffic . . .*" (my italics). Prior to 1933 United's engine-making subsidiary, Pratt and Whitney, had granted a manufacturing license to the Bavarian Motor Works, but this contract was unsatisfactory. "Our returns from royalties," one United official complained, "were next to nothing." The new Nazi government was anxious to obtain a reliable high-powered, air-cooled engine. (The air-cooled engine, developed with the aid and encouragement of the United States navy after the war by Charles Lawrance, later president of Wright Aeronautical, is lighter and less vulnerable than the water-cooled engine.) In March, 1933, Pratt and Whitney made a new agreement with the Bavarian Motor Works for the manufacture of air-cooled engines. Pratt and Whitney received $200 for each engine manufactured by the Bavarian company and paid $200 to the Bavarian company on each engine sold by Pratt and Whitney to Germany. Ordinarily a licensing agreement of this kind would have given the Bavarian Motor Works a monopoly on the sale of air-cooled engines within the Reich. This agreement envisaged both the manufacture of the Pratt and Whitney engine in Germany and exports of that engine to Germany. Monopoly was not to stand in the way of the Third Reich's aviation expansion.

The exchange of military secrets is common under international arms agreements, but the Nazi government did not like the Pratt and Whitney contract because under it the American company was to get semi-annual statements showing the number of engines manufactured in Germany on the Pratt and Whitney license. No reports were ever made under this agreement, and a year later it was modified in mutually advantageous ways. In place of the royalty the Bavarian works agreed to pay Pratt and Whitney $50,000 a year, and it waived its right to a $200 royalty on each engine Pratt and Whitney exported to the Reich. The principal reason for the change, according to a letter unearthed by the Nye committee, was because "they [the Germans] did not want to reveal the number of engines manufactured." The $50,000 a year flat sum was the equivalent of the royalty which would have been paid under the old agreement

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for the manufacture of 250 engines. Obviously the new arrangement was profitable to the Nazis only if they intended to manufacture more than 250 a year. As Senator Vandenberg pointed out during the Nye committee hearings in September, 1934, 250 engines were as many as the United States navy then used in a year.

Pratt and Whitney engine exports enjoyed a Hitler boom. In 1932 the American company sold the Reich only $6,000 worth of aircraft; in 1933 the total was $272,000; in the first six months of 1934, $1,445,000. From 1935 to 1938 Germany purchased only $2,225,000 worth of aircraft in this country, but there was a striking increase in aircraft exports from this country to the Netherlands. Holland bought more than $9,000,000 worth of aircraft here, or only $500,000 less than the Soviet Union, our largest European customer in that period. Senator Nye felt that a large part of the shipments to Holland were really destined for the Reich. In 1933 Pratt and Whitney also licensed Fiat of Italy to make the same air-cooled engine.

"Information from an official source, not disclosed in the record" enabled the Nye committee to report that Curtiss-Wright and Douglas Aircraft were also helping to build an air fleet for Germany. The same source informed the committee that Sperry Gyroscope was supplying equipment to the new German air fleet. Sperry Gyroscope also sold manufacturing rights to the Askania Works in Berlin under an agreement calling for exchange of technical information. It is sometimes hard to draw the line between technical information and military secrets. It would be interesting to find out, and perhaps Thurman Arnold is trying to do so now in his grand-jury investigation of international armament agreements, how many American licenses are still being used in German factories under these contracts. International cross-licensing pacts often include price-fixing and sometimes production-control provisions. Royalties from licenses make up a sizable share of aviation-company income.

One also wonders to what extent American aviation companies helped Germany copy the dive bomber developed by the United States navy, now so terrifying a feature of the Nazi air force. "We have been nosing around in the bureau in Washington," the president of Curtiss-Wright Export Corporation wrote in January, 1934, to a sales agent abroad, "and find that they hold as most strictly confidential their dive-bombing tactics and procedure, and they frown upon our even mentioning dive bombing in connection with the Hawks or any other airplane to any foreign powers. It is absolutely unwise and unethical at this time, and probably for some time to come, for us to indicate that we know anything about the technique and tactics of dive bombing." Yet the sales appeal of dive bombing was too much to resist altogether. "It may be all right . . . to put on a dive-bombing show to show the strength of the airplanes," the letter continued, "but to refer in contract to dive bombing or endeavor to teach dive bombing is what I am cautioning against doing." The reader may judge for himself how safe the secret of the dive bomber was under those circumstances.

[*This article will be concluded next week.*]

# *Can Art Sustain the Artist?*

BY CHARMION VON WIEGAND

NOW and then a masterpiece by Rembrandt sells for $200,000, or one by a contemporary American painter for $10,000. You may hear of a cartoonist who has a $20,000 contract with a newspaper chain, or of an illustrator who makes $30,000 a year drawing covers for a national weekly. Yet most artists cannot make a living. Men of great plastic gifts and outstanding reputation have been glad to get the fortnightly WPA check of $43.80.

As a commodity art has a market value that is determined by the taste of the period as formed by critics, art teachers, museum officials, drawing-rooms, and art galleries. It also has immaterial values, and as these are hallowed by time, they acquire a money value which they did not have during the artist's lifetime. A painting by Van Gogh, who died in abject poverty, is today a gilt-edged security tested by the years. The work of living artists, on the other hand, is an unknown quantity, for spiritual values are hard to evaluate when they are new.

Some forms of creative art impinge directly on commercial objects of everyday use. The painter in his studio, like the research scientist in his laboratory, creates patterns and forms which the popularizer transmits to household articles. Experiments in design by modern artists which startled the world a generation ago are accepted casually today on the counters of Sears, Roebuck and Woolworth's. The painter's conceptions find their way into fabrics, china, furniture, and wallpaper, and thus art moves toward the desired integration with our industrial life. The artist, however, rarely gets a penny for this service, and his economic status remains precarious. This is partly because of the technical nature of his work.

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Painting and sculpture are essentially handicraft arts surviving in an industrial world. The pace of production is slow in an age of swift machines; the necessary skill can be acquired only after long, arduous study. The mature artist's financial reward is very small for the time and labor he has spent, quite apart from those intangible qualities which render his product a work of art.

Economic handicaps, however, do not discourage gifted people from taking up art as a profession. The 1930 census of occupations listed some 57,000 painters, sculptors, and art teachers in the United States, and the past ten years have increased this number considerably. A survey now being made by the Young American Artists estimates that there are more than 20,000 art students in the country, of whom about 8,000 are in and around New York City. Most young art students want to practice the fine arts—easel and mural painting, sculpture, and the graphic arts—but they do not expect to make money from them; in this respect, art differs from other professions. The genuine artist does not work in order to make money; he makes money in order to work. Art is for him not a means of livelihood but a mode of life. Yet a livelihood must be made, and except in rare cases this means a severe struggle. Art teachers still repeat the old story about Corot, who said to a pupil: "You have talent, but have you an independent income?"

We can follow the economic career of the artist by starting with him, for example, at the Art Students' League in New York, which has about 1,200 students a year and is considered one of the best schools in America. More than half the students at the League are partially or wholly self-supporting. About 15 per cent of them have working scholarships, paying their tuition by doing various jobs for the school. Others work outside as waiters, laundrymen, factory hands, secretaries, salesmen. The *vie de Bohème* may be mere amusement for the rich eccentric, but it is an economic solution for the art student, who makes a virtue of necessity and accepts the cold-water loft or slum studio as part of the fun.

After the student is out of school, the need to keep his talent alive leads him to self-directed study whose aim is insight into men, places, objects, society, and the laws of plastics. He associates with other artists, attends exhibits, hears lectures; he discusses theories of painting, ancient and modern masters, the technical details of paint, brush, and canvas. When he can, he travels, even if only in a Model T. Most of the older artists have spent some time in Europe, but since the depression, the rise of regional painting, and now the war, artists roam around the United States or go to Mexico.

On such experiences the artist's talent thrives. Keeping the body alive is another story. The beginner without an independent income or social connections of one kind or another cannot hope to live by his creative art. His first one-man show—which gives him, as a rule, only prestige—is a long way off. Often he manages to survive by working in the periphery arts—drawing cartoons or illustrations, designing furniture or fabrics, making advertising layouts, fashion plates, or posters, or planning window displays for department stores. He may be lucky enough to get a fellowship for a year, or he may find a private patron willing to invest in his future; but he cannot count on such breaks. Many artists, therefore, try to obtain an income by teaching art. Often this remains for them throughout their life the economic base from which they can continue to grow as artists and to sell their work. The list of Art Students' League teachers reads like a roster of American art. Among the outstanding artists who in the past supplemented their income by teaching at the League one recalls Kenyon Cox, Childe Hassam, Boardman Robinson, Robert Henri, George Luks, Max Weber, Kenneth Hayes Miller, Frederick MacMonnies, Augustus St. Gaudens, and John Sloan.

A teacher at the League receives on an average about $1,000 a year. In some colleges and universities the art teacher's pay is higher, but in order to obtain a good teaching post the artist must already have some reputation or influential connections. He may be thankful to have the work, but as a rule he feels that teaching takes something from his creative energies which should go directly into his art. The persistent dream of every artist is to liberate himself from periphery activities and earn his living through his creative work alone.

The artist usually brings his work to the attention of the public by showing in non-jury or jury-chosen group exhibitions. Here the dealer may find the new painter or sculptor he wants to sponsor. A one-man show at some gallery is the artist's official debut. The economic center of the art world lies along East Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue in New York. Large houses like Brummer, Durand-Ruel, Knoedler, Bignou, or Wildenstein deal for the most part in European masters. Their canvases are displayed like rare jewels in an atmosphere of taste and luxury and are priced accordingly. At one time this type of gallery dominated the field, and it very seldom handled living American artists. But the Armory Show of 1913 marked a sharp break in taste which affected art patrons and eventually the public at large. The Independents, organized in 1917, continued the fight for modern art, and the galleries of Stieglitz, Montross, Daniels, and Bourgeois were the first to exhibit it. Since then there have come into existence many new galleries which handle chiefly living American and European artists. A few are devoted exclusively to American art. A new type of gallery addressed particularly to the middle class emphasizes American scenes and traditions as against the French tradition and uses modern methods of publicity, advertising, and distribution. Such firms have a mail-order business ranging from framed five-dollar prints to $10,000 oil paintings.

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The average dealer takes 33⅓ per cent of every work sold through him. Some dealers claim they cannot make a profit on this basis because of their high overhead—rent, catalogues, and publicity—and urge a 50 per cent commission, as in the jewelry trade. Very few American dealers buy an artist's work outright or give him a yearly contract, as was formerly often done by Paris dealers. The artist's overhead on a single painting based on the cost of his studio, materials, and models, may range from $10 to $150. In sculpture the costs are even higher, and in the crowded conditions of modern living the potential buying public is even more limited.

No complete survey has ever been made of the economic status of artists, and since they are as apt to conceal or exaggerate their incomes as any other class, one is compelled to rely chiefly upon hearsay. It is said that some portrait and mural painters have reached the dizzy heights of $100,000 a year, but to judge the economics of art by these standards would be like judging the economics of newspaper work by Walter Winchell's income. Publicized painters—possibly Grant Wood or Thomas Benton—may earn through all their varied activities in art and its periphery fields from $15,000 to $20,000 a year. But the average successful painter earns through sales of pictures and teaching from $2,000 to $6,000 a year. Much depends on the personality of the artist, on complex social and publicity factors, and on the readiness of the public to grasp the artist's vision. Max Weber, acknowledged as one of America's greatest living artists, and an important pioneer of modernism, has known both bitter struggle and monetary success; at best his income cannot remotely touch that of a fashionable portrait painter like Sert. The more profound the artist's insight the longer he may be compelled to wait for widespread recognition and a lucrative market.

This description of the artist's situation has so far been based chiefly on the careers of a small number of men operating within the framework of the traditional patron-dealer-museum system. Until the thirties that system was the only outlet for the artist, and his customers were rich collectors and the museums. The economic depression dealt the patronage system a severe blow. Art markets collapsed, and artists who had been earning a fair living were reduced to poverty. There were sidewalk sales of art in New York and Chicago; artists became "socially conscious," joined labor and radical protest groups, changed the contents of their pictures to reflect the life around them, and like other affected trades and professions demanded economic relief from the government. This movement had far-reaching results. Artists ceased to be isolated craftsmen and began to organize into social and economic groups. At the same time the general public was made aware of the real status of art and artists in the community.

The response of the New Deal to this movement was the creation of the Federal Art Project as part of the WPA. At the peak (1936) more than 5,000 persons were on the project's pay roll, the majority of these in New York. At that time plastic artists received $23.89 a week. Since then the pay has been cut to $87.60 a month, work hours have been lengthened, and the number of persons on the project in New York has been brought down to 1,000, with threats of further reductions.

The Art Project has not only given a minimum of subsistence to the artist on the basis of his work, but has also been a vital force bringing art to the community and stimulating popular interest in the arts. It has decorated public buildings, sent traveling art exhibits through the country, created hundreds of free art classes for children and adults, serviced hospitals, orphanages, and penal institutions with various forms of art, art teaching, and art therapeutics, and created the largest public that art has ever had in this country. Through the WPA art has ceased to be individual production and become mass production. In four years the four creative divisions of the Art Project have completed 63,007 works. These include 136 murals, 2 stained glass windows, 9,766 easel paintings, 1,909 sculptural figures and architectural works, 48,816 lithographs, etchings, and woodblocks, and 2,387 designs for graphic prints.

When artists became employees working for wages, they organized a trade union to protect their economic interests. The original Artists' Union later merged with the United American Artists, and has now become a national organization affiliated with the C. I. O. It has about 2,000 members throughout the country, most of them being on the WPA rolls. The Sculptors' Guild and the Mural Artists' Guild are affiliated with the A. F. of L. as part of the United Scenic Artists. These trade unions have been carrying on a courageous fight for the maintenance of the Art Project and a decent wage scale.

When the artist is dropped from WPA, he has no certain way of earning a living. Only a very small percentage of the money spent by our museums is used for living American art, and the general public is not yet accustomed to buying pictures. People who freely purchase radios, automobiles, and books have a queer attitude toward the plastic arts. Either they know an artist personally and feel he should dash off something for them free of charge, or they imagine that all paintings are in the $10,000 class. Both public and artist would benefit if it were more widely realized that good living American art can be bought at reasonable prices. Today as never before many factors are combining for the development of a great American art. The urgent problem is to keep the artist alive while he creates this art.

[*This article will be followed from time to time by discussions of the economic status of other groups of professional workers.*]

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# Within the Gates

HITLER'S most trusted lieutenant in the Western Hemisphere today is Fritz Wiedemann, consul general for the western district of the United States. The work of a consul general, according to accepted international definition, is limited to the supervision of "the commercial interests of citizens of the appointing government," but there is more than circumstantial evidence to show that Captain Wiedemann, who during the World War was Hitler's immediate superior, is the most important Nazi agent in the Americas.

The most recent proof that his activities are something more than consular was provided a few weeks ago by the arrest in Los Angeles of Dr. Herbert Höhne, a German national who had been acting as a representative of a German drug firm. At the time of his arrest, which was ordered after he had booked passage for Buenos Aires by way of the Canal Zone, Dr. Höhne had in his possession dispatches from the German Foreign Office to three German agents in Mexico and Central America, a new secret code admittedly given him by Wiedemann, and a letter on consulate stationery certifying that he carried diplomatic communications which "according to internationally accepted rules and customs . . . are exempt from inspections."

Dr. Höhne was indicted on two counts—for "feloniously acting as a courier" between the consul general and agents in Latin America, and for failure to register with the State Department as a foreign agent. Although he admitted that Dr. Höhne was acting under his instructions, Captain Wiedemann refused to post bail for his courier. However, the required $15,000 was eventually provided by a surety company which refused to make public the identity of the guarantor. That Captain Wiedemann's authority is at least equal to that of Acting Ambassador Hans Thomsen is indicated by his admission to the grand jury that all Berlin-Latin American dispatches clear through his office.

But perhaps the most conclusive evidence to support the charge that Wiedemann is the ranking German agent in the Americas is to be found in the records of the famous spy trials of October, 1938. Testifying in his own behalf, one of the defendants, Günther Gustav Rumrich, swore that his immediate superior, Theodor Weigand, received his instructions direct from Wiedemann. Rumrich was found guilty, but Wiedemann, protected by "diplomatic immunity," emerged unscathed.

Currently more widely discussed than Captain Wiedemann, at least in the New York newspapers, is Dr. Gerhardt Alois Westrick, commercial counselor for the German embassy. The publicity Dr. Westrick has received will probably result in his recall to Germany, for a Nazi agent ceases to be effective when his every move is spotlighted in the press. His recall is practically assured by the disclosure that he is a law partner of Dr. Heinrich Albert, who served as an espionage agent in the United States during the World War.

Dr. Westrick's official mission, which apparently was to establish or renew amicable relations between American industrialists and a victorious Germany, may have been perfectly legitimate, but his conduct has been irregular, to say the least. His use of an alias, "Mr. A. Webster," his falsification of an application for a driver's license, his deposit of $5,000,000 in a San Francisco bank, his furtive behavior in his Scarsdale retreat, where he entertained a variety of guests ranging from the chairman of the board of the Texas Company to an obscure mechanic in an iron foundry—these were not the acts, it is believed, of a diplomat whose sole mission was to promote better trade relations.

The curiosity of the press concerning Dr. Westrick has resulted in the resignation of Torkild Rieber as chairman of the board of the Texas Company. It was Rieber who carried a "peace" message from Göring to Administration officials in Washington in February of this year, and it was Rieber who supplied Franco with oil during the Spanish civil war. Mr. Rieber used the funds of his company to purchase an automobile for the German agent, claiming later that he considered this a loan to Westrick. At the time of his resignation he asserted that the Texas Company had not shipped its products to Germany since the beginning of the war. Yet Mrs. Harold Stephen Kuhn, wife of the Paris representative of the company, on her recent arrival in New York, said Texas oil was still being sold in Germany.

Another German official repeatedly guilty of irregular practices is Consul General Baron Edgar von Spiegel, whose district includes eight Southern states. Early in 1939 Baron von Spiegel, in the name of his government, offered the University of Tampa a gift of German books on condition that he choose both the books and the head of the university's German Department. He assured Dr. John Harvey Sherman, president of the university, that it was the regular practice of his government to provide books to universities—but only on those conditions. It may be noted that the head of the German Department at that time was Otto P. Kraus, a Viennese and an eloquent anti-Nazi. After Dr. Sherman heard the condition, he declined the gift and ordered the consul general from his office. Later von Spiegel boasted he had sent books to twenty-five Southern universities.

Baron von Spiegel will probably not be giving away books here much longer. In June he made the public statement that "Germany will not forget that, when she was fighting bitterly for her very life, the United States gave every material aid to her enemies." In response to a protest by Governor Jones of Louisiana, Secretary of State Hull ordered an investigation, after which he notified the German embassy that diplomatic and consular officials must refrain from public discussions of this country's policies and attitudes. Baron von Spiegel was summoned to Washington, where, significantly, he was not met at the airport by his superiors.

The New York consulate, under the direction of Consul General Johannes Borchers and Vice-Consul Friedhelm Dräger, has done an effective job in the field of propaganda. It is no coincidence that the German Library of Information, spearhead of Nazi propaganda in the United States, is located next door to the consulate. During the latter days of the Weimar Republic the consul general had a staff of thirty-three. Today Dr. Borchers has a staff of more than one hundred. The Library of Information employs another twenty-five. The latest addition to the consular staff is Dr. Friedrich Ried, whose extra-consular activities in Brazil caused the Vargas government to demand his recall.

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**QUESTION:** What has happened to "classical" economics since the 1930's? Why are the so-called "immutable" laws unable to explain this new economic world? If we, as a nation, have so much money that millions of us are close to the starvation line, what is the answer to our dilemma?

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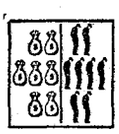

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# *In the Wind*

THE PRESS RECENTLY reported the temporary settlement of the labor dispute in the Boeing aircraft factories in Seattle. The company, though jammed with war orders, was trying to slash wages, and a strike threatened. On the day negotiations over the wage cut broke off, the wires carried this dispatch from Saratoga Springs: "The highest price for a yearling at the 1940 thoroughbred sales—$15,000—was paid last night by W. E. Boeing, Seattle airplane manufacturer, for a bay son of Pharamond II."

A STORM IS brewing among Negro groups over the army's rejection of Negro applicants for the United States air corps. Numbers of Negroes have kept applying, though they are always rejected in accordance with the army's long-standing Jim Crow policy. The conscription debate has given new life to the campaign against the ban.

NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS of the close connection between Torkild Rieber, chairman of the board of the Texas Company, and Gerhardt Westrick, Hitler's commercial envoy, resulted in an immediate sharp drop in sales of Texaco products. This spontaneous boycott was the real reason for Rieber's resignation. (See Within the Gates for comment on Westrick's mission.)

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD has not quite come out for Willkie. In a letter to the *New Republic* criticizing that journal's support of Roosevelt, Mr. Villard says: "I hold no brief for Mr. Willkie. . . ." But he adds: "I am willing to run the risk, if necessary, of a period of social reaction rather than the certain prospect that four years more of Roosevelt inefficiency and headless groping will lead . . . etc."

D. HIDEN RAMSEY, general manager of the Asheville (North Carolina) *Times,* was recently named president of the state-controlled North Carolina Railroad. The *Times* published this A. P. dispatch on the appointment: "Each year the governor has named a newspaperman as either president or secretary of the railroad. The jobs are regarded as exceedingly choice 'political plums' as there is very little work involved in earning the $1,000 salary."

IN THE *"Vanity Fair* Book of 1931" appeared this sentence about Winston Churchill: "He is a leader of lost causes and when England becomes lost he will again be called to leadership."

WHEN THE FILM "The Man I Married," based on the story "I Married a Nazi," opened in Des Moines recently, publicity men hired two youths to walk down the street wearing Storm Troop uniforms. They were nearly mobbed.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date of stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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# A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

IN MR. WILLKIE'S case life began at forty-one—that is, the big life along the American way. It began in October, 1933, when the boy from Elwood, Indiana, who had been for only ten months a big holding-company executive, met another Indiana college graduate, seven years his junior, who had even more recently gone beyond big-city law practice into the federal government's expanding power operations. When Wendell Willkie met David Lilienthal in the Cosmos Club in Washington that October day, both were at the beginnings of new worlds in new times.

America at that moment was being very confidently transformed. Even brokers blessed Roosevelt. Hugh Johnson was noisily and joyously laying lamb down by lion and lion down by lamb. The President chatted to the people, and the people purred to the President. But some fingers were crossed. The politicians had not entirely disappeared. Indeed, the day called for a new strange mixture of politicians in big corporations and business men in the spreading functions of government.

Mr. Willkie's record as candidate nearly eight years later remains almost entirely based on his dealings with Lilienthal from October, 1933, until the transfer of the properties of his Commonwealth and Southern's Tennessee Electric Power Company to TVA on August 15, 1939. His magazine articles, his book reviews, his speeches, all drew their importance from those dealings. No other activities pushed him up to the nomination for the Presidency. America's knowledge of his ability and charm depends on his part in the Tennessee war with the other charming, able man from the same Middle West.

In their accomplishments and in themselves these men illustrate the change which has taken place in business and government in our times. They are the opposites of each other and yet strangely alike. Both were Hoosier boy orators. Both loved—and still love—to spout ideas. Both followed the local-boy-who-made-good-in-the-big-city pattern. Both have been out of the active private practice of the law about the same length of time. The similarity stops there, and the striking new difference begins.

Lilienthal is a new kind of business man in government. He is running a business with a sixteen million gross and a half-billion investment. That tremendous job is a government job, and for it he gets only $10,000 a year. But it is more business than government. As business man in government he deserves more credit than anybody else for the new theory of volume sale of power at low rates which at last even the most hard-boiled utility men are pushing—and with profit.

Willkie was a new kind of politician in business. He was active in politics in Akron. He was tempted to run for Congress before he headed for New York. He was sufficiently prominent in politics to be a delegate to Democratic conventions. His job, he said, was to "stave off the wolves." Such a politician in business was born of the new importance of government in carrying out business policies. His nomination indicates that, as far as he himself is concerned, he succeeded at that job.

The rest is not quite so clear. There is the story that Willkie was something new in the utility world sweeping out the old wickednesses, bringing new imagination and new service to free enterprise's service of the people. There is the story that Willkie won a great triumph for free enterprise over the destroying TVA. Undoubtedly these stories will be both pressed and challenged by campaign orators. There will be plenty of dust to stir about newspaper subsidies, election methods, dollar-a-year vacation sites for politicians on company lakes.

But slickness has not been so significant as stubbornness. The major blunders of Commonwealth and Southern under the man from Elwood were probably due to honest bad judgment and lack of creative administrative imagination. One of Willkie's chief difficulties as propagandist for private power in the Valley was explaining away the increasing earnings that followed rate reductions forced on his companies by TVA, reductions which he insisted, as they were forced upon him, were destroying private enterprise. Some of his private enterprise has been sold. But if Willkie's companies had followed the TVA pattern of selling much power at low rates in 1934 instead of stubbornly waiting until 1939, he never would have had to sell properties, for public ownership would have had no advantages.

Mr. Willkie is a long way from the Tennessee Valley now, but things are still happening there. Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., head of United States Steel, in his capacity as member of the National Defense Advisory Commission recently sternly criticized Congressmen who blocked quick action on a $25,000,000 TVA appropriation for a new dam to make more power. As a part of American security now, he said, additional TVA power was "absolutely essential." Willkie, who had said that TVA was creating a dangerous "surplus" of power, was out in Colorado working on his acceptance speech.

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# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Freedom Square

*THE DEFENDERS.* By Franz Hoellering. Translated from the German by Ludwig Lewisohn. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

I HAVE never been in Austria, but this warm, pulsing novel about the collapse of democracy in Vienna in 1934 rekindles a dead event in such a way that I can truly say, "Yes, this is a story of *my* past." It brings back memories of midnight hours on lower Seventh Avenue in New York, when many of us haunted the newsstands, waiting for the *Times* with Birchall's latest dispatch from Vienna—hours when it seemed possible, though scarcely probable, that the Austrian working class would make the stand which German workers, Communists and Social Democrats alike, had failed to make in Berlin in 1933. The Austrian workers did fight after a fashion, some of them bravely, but it was not enough; and I remember reading Birchall's elegiac "Socialism has again missed the boat." It seemed a prefiguration of all the defeats that were to come—as, indeed, it was.

Franz Hoellering, who knows what it is to flee with the breath of Nazism hot on his neck, has caught the feeling of 1934 with all of its foreboding, and in so doing he has written a novel that is history with a difference. Most novels of pregnant historical events have a chilly spectatorial quality: Upton Sinclair's recent "World's End" is a case in point. But "The Defenders"—like Malraux's "Man's Fate"—is warm with a sense of participation. Where a Sinclair presents everything through the eyes of an onlooker, a method which almost invariably results in a diminished intensity, Hoellering lets his story come to you through the nerve ends of a score of vital protagonists. At first Hoellering seems rather elusive; his aim is not clear. The Hoellering technique is the old Victorian wheel-technique; and while the author is busy setting his spokes into the hub, preparatory to giving the wheel its whirl, the novel seems scattered and random. The cafe intellectuals talk (mostly about who is sleeping with whom), and a bomb explodes in the cloakroom. The Herr Baron Wiesner decides to quit the diplomatic service; he wants to marry Maria Steiger, the daughter of the famous Professor Steiger, and begin life all over again at his mountain estate of Langenbruck. Meanwhile, as Wiesner is scoffing at the universal compulsion to be "with history," a contagious neurosis which the Nazis have picked up from the Marxists of all sects, the various homes of Vienna react to "history" in characteristic ways. In his house on Freedom Square Professor Steiger refuses to submit his scientific pursuits to the "test" of politics; for him, there is no such thing as a "patriotic" mathematics. His daughter, Maria, plays the piano and dreams; she is titillated by the respectful courtship of Wiesner, but at bottom she is dubious about a future in an Alpine ivory tower. Although she scarcely realizes it as yet, the ardor of Karl Merk, a young engineer (and Marxist), appeals to her more. She has met Merk while skiing in the mountains. In the home of the Socialist Councilor Birkmeier, son Joseph—a figure out of a Clifford Odets drama—rails against the "petty-bourgeois" flavor of his father's radicalism, while daughter Pepitta dreams of her engagement to sing at the party of the old Count Uexcuell. (Count Uexcuell is the famous "red" general who once refused to shoot down strikers; his son, whom he hates, is a leader of the Heimwehr, stooge organization for Mussolini.)

And so it goes, as Hoellering fits his spokes into the hub. There are many more spokes than I have indicated; for the Nazis are busy "penetrating" Austria even as the Heimwehr hopes to clear the streets of Vienna for itself. And in the working-class districts some of the Socialists, in revolt against old leaders like Birkmeier and the tired Deputy Hippmann, are busy turning to the exacting work of underground organization. Hoellering introduces a few fantastic characters as pure commentary: there is Ott, who is always learning the "lesson" of history on the morning after, and there is Robinson, an actor who has quit the stage to study the details of old military campaigns. At a crucial moment in the story Robinson remarks that "force is still decisive." And, to give contemporary meaning to Robinson's philosophizing, there is Wiesner's old friend, the World War veteran Bodo Kleist. Kleist makes his appearance merely to say, "We must win the next war." It is that conviction, strongest of all the jostling convictions in the German communities of central Europe, that is ultimately to determine the issue that lies just beyond the last page of Hoellering's story.

Suddenly, after much work in a static dimension, Hoellering gives his wheel a whirl. Faster and faster it goes. It is a wheel of many colors, and as it turns, the colors blend with the illusion of quick-paced life. The day of the "final conflict" prophesied in the Internationale approaches; then, almost without warning, the conflict bursts upon Karl Merk and his comrades. Everything issues in action: Maria quits Wiesner for Merk, people are jailed and killed. Merk himself is wounded; later he is discovered by the Heimwehr and dragged off to his death. And at the close of the story, as the wheel slows down, the Nazis burn a fiery cross on one of the foothills of the Vienna Forest. Everything subsides into commentary once more: the cafe intellectuals speculate on the meaning of history, the Baron Wiesner is bored, Robinson laughs and shouts "Heil," and, in the working-class districts, Mother Merk—Karl's mother—nourishes her secret. She still knows where some arms are cached.

There is no explicit analysis in "The Defenders," no "dialectical materialism" long drawn out, no theorizing about the sad position of Vienna, the capital without a hinterland. Neither Dollfuss nor Starhemberg is mentioned—or, if they are, I have forgotten it. Yet the novel is history in the three dimensions of space and the one dimension of time; it lives, it moves. In another setting the heroics of Karl Merk and his mother, and of Maria Steiger, would seem like hokum; here, in the charged atmosphere which Hoellering creates, the heroism seems plausible and right. I

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judge that this is Hoellering's first novel; but the work is finished and mature. He knows how to put you under a spell, which is the final test of any creative artist.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

# The Forgotten Issue

*IDLE MONEY, IDLE MEN.* By Stuart Chase. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

ABOUT the time Mr. Chase must have been reading proof on this book, Wendell Willkie was publishing the last of his pre-convention articles in the *Saturday Evening Post.* In that article Mr. Willkie was talking about something which, in June, seemed very important—the debt. In order to drive his point home he conjured up the image of a town which instead of paying its bills financed itself as "prodigal Uncle Sam" has under Roosevelt. Clearly, he argued, it would not be long before bankruptcy crushed this town, forcing its inhabitants to drift to more prosperous places. The moral of this illustration was, of course, its application to the national economy. We could not help envisaging the spectacle of millions of pauperized Americans, their backs broken under an unbearable burden of government debt, slowly filing out of the United States.

But as Mr. Willkie and all other practical men must agree today, Hitler has made the budget America's forgotten issue. To promise that spontaneous economic combustion would result from balancing the budget (while simultaneously taxes would be lowered!) is no longer simply irrational; it is irrelevant. And to argue that we must gamble on the chance that balancing the budget will produce prosperity before we can afford to pay for the defense program now under way would be treason if anyone took it seriously. The fact is that the United States is now going into the biggest boom in history: its budget should reach the level of something like $25,000,000,000 a year; federal taxes which have come to about $6,000,000,000 a year, can be expected only to double—to about $12,000,000,000; this will leave a yearly deficit of something like $13,000,000,000—enough to double the present national debt in about three and one-half years; and everybody will be too frightened of Hitler and too busy working to worry much about the debt. As a matter of fact, it is not too much to say that if Mr. Willkie should happen to be elected, his success might be due to the popular belief that he would unbalance the budget—for defense—faster and more efficiently than Mr. Roosevelt.

All of which is the point of Mr. Chase's conclusion. Popular pressure for peaceful prosperity during the last eight years has not been great enough to permit the New Deal to go ahead with its program for expanding the economy to new dimensions. Only the present crisis, which raises the question of our survival as a nation, has been a powerful enough lever to set in motion the activity needed to provide full employment at higher than the present limit of full production. What makes Mr. Chase's book so timely and valuable is the fact that until last month he was simply talking sense, and there was not a chance of his getting what he wanted. Today his objectives belong in the same political dead-file as the Golden Rule; and yet the very fiscal program —for plenty—which he advocated in the antediluvian days when Mr. Willkie was balancing the budget has become the country's No. 1 must—for defense. And no one seems to be worrying about the cost.

Mr. Chase's first chapter, Back of the Budget, is a masterpiece of primer writing. It should be of great service to the many anti-New Dealers who have never had to have any reason for anticipating calamity as a result of unbalanced budgets, but who must now advocate bigger and better deficits for defense. And it may persuade many business men that the function of an unbalanced budget is to offset the unbalance between oversaving and underinvestment which, when uninterfered with, causes depressions. As Mr. Chase says, you can take your choice between an unbalanced budget and an unbalanced economy.

Unfortunately, the rest of the book is not by any means up to the standard set by the first chapter. Several light essays, which contribute nothing to the problem posed, are reproduced from various magazines. Toward the end, when Mr. Chase should be amplifying his first chapter by explaining *why* we may be grateful that we don't have to worry about the budget, he gets into trouble. The definitive answer is to be found in Laughlin Currie's testimony before the TNEC, the New Deal's leading contribution to current economic analysis. Currie's testimony is indeed summarized, but it is not made to stand out. What does emerge instead as *the* argument for government spending is an unfortunate statistical error on the part of the junior staff men with whom Mr. Chase was associated in the TNEC. This, briefly, consists in identifying total corporate allowances for depreciation with their actual cash appropriations for new equipment, and in concluding from this that the depreciation allowance of United States business accounts for most of its investment, so that there is no need for it to draw on the vast reservoir of idle savings—which must be invested if our idle men are to go to work. The fact is that depreciation account is just a bookkeeping affair. As I have shown in *The Nation,* the railroads have made handsome allowances for depreciation and then used the cash for other purposes. Only the most efficient and profitable corporations are in the habit of investing their paper depreciation in new plant, and they constitute only a fraction of the total. Since Mr. Chase is in general so right, it is unfortunate that he should leave himself vulnerable by using wrong arguments. The retailer of merchandise should not, however, bear all the blame for the errors of the manufacturers. And Mr. Chase's great usefulness is due to his supreme talent as an intellectual retailer. It is to be hoped that in the future he will receive a more uniform quality of merchandise.

ELIOT JANEWAY

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# IN BRIEF

*THE POOL OF VISHNU.* By L. H. Myers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

An exotic, philosophical novel of sixteenth-century India; a continuation of "The Root and the Flower." For a very special audience, in spite of a highly complex plot woven of intrigue and insurrection under the Emperor Akbar. Mr. Myers's polished prose, with its almost Biblical serenity, underlines the book's remoteness from our bomb-scented atmosphere.

*GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM OF MISSOURI.* By Albert Christ-Janer. Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.

In spite of new detail and obviously sincere intentions this biography remains unsatisfactory. Backgrounds are essential for an understanding of Bingham, but here they are only haltingly touched upon and never evoked. The main characters fail to come alive, and Bingham's work is untested by historical or aesthetic standards. Yet the book supersedes the earlier slight studies of this early painter of the pioneer West, and since the writer maps out the field with care and accuracy, it will be useful to the student until a richer study is produced. There are numerous reproductions in black and white of Bingham's paintings, with seven in color.

*ALEXANDER THE GREAT.* By Lewis V. Cummings. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

This painstaking study of the first world conqueror is made noteworthy by an unusual talent for historical geography and a vivid realization of military strategy. These qualities are not matched, however, by psychological insight or narrative gift. The style is pedestrian and repetitious; and although the author has consulted all the best scholars and carefully weighs his statements, he is capable of spelling classical proper names in several different ways within two or three pages.

*A HISTORY OF STONE & KIMBALL AND HERBERT S. STONE & CO.* With a Bibliography of Their Publications, 1893-1905. By Sidney Kramer. Preface by Frederic G. Melcher. University of Chicago Press. $4.

The story of how two Chicago boys, just out of Harvard, brought out Eugene Field, George Ade, and Hamlin Garland, originated the *Chap Book,* and became the American publishers of Ibsen, Shaw, and Verlaine is more than a volume for collectors and professional bookmen. It is an interesting chapter in the story of the intellectual origins of the recent past in America.

*THE PEOPLE TALK.* By Benjamin Appel. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

This is a report of the author's extended automobile trip through the country, made to learn and record what Americans are thinking these days, especially about their jobs, if any. Considering his approach, which seems to have been that of the inexperienced reporter with pencil and notebook, people showed unusual responsiveness. What they have to say is not always interesting or significant, but Mr. Appel puts down their remarks just the same. One feels that there are supposed to be serious implications, but it is hard to discover them. Almost the only element common to these hundreds of people seems to be dissatisfaction with their lot. And even this feeling has widely divergent causes —one blames the President, another the Jews, or the machine, or the union, or the open shop. If the book says anything, it says that capitalist democracy has been pretty good, but not nearly good enough.

# DANCE

## Bennington Festival, 1940

LAST week it became apparent that the search for "theater-poetry" which distinguished the work of Yeats at the Abbey Theater, of Copeau and the Compagnie des Quinze, of Cocteau and Eliot, had found a new base for operations at Bennington College, Vermont. The School of the Dance has added music and drama to its curriculum this summer. By so doing it has set up a stage where the three arts may complement each other and combine, and thus move toward that working heaven we recognize in the theater of the Greeks and the Noh play; a combination which Cocteau has named for our century "theater-poetry."

Those parts of the threefold cycle of programs where one art functioned alone were, as might have been expected, the most professional and achieved. The recital of contemporary music under Otto Luening offered proficient performances of the work of Marc Blitzstein, Charles Ives, Ernst Bacon, Paul Bowles, Robert McBride. The concert of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music directed by Ralph Kirkpatrick, though it presented beautiful and seldom-heard music, seemed somewhat irrelevant to the contemporary tone of the festival, but reflected, one hopes, no deep confusion in purpose. In music, as formerly in dance, Bennington finds distinction in being "completely modern."

Also at a high level of artistic realization were Martha Graham's "Every Soul Is a Circus" and a new work, "El Penitente." The former, seen in New York last winter, remains one of those delightful virtuosities a very great artist can afford: when the serious pattern is so securely caught that the harlequin thread only enriches with its caprice. "El Penitente," told in the manner of a Mystery play, is built on Southwestern purification rituals. It is so simple that some of its significance eludes one; it is a dance that will deepen with the repeated seeing that its humble beauty deserves. The massive agility and Aztec mask that Erick Hawkins has brought to Miss Graham's group find here their most effective use thus far.

Less successful as performance but of greater value to the discovery of theater-poetry were the two offerings in which music, dance, and drama (rhythm, movement, words) worked together. These were a play by Francis Fergusson, "The King and the Duke," and "Letter to the World," a collaboration of Martha Graham and Arch Lauterer.

Fergusson took his story from "Huckleberry Finn," using the words of the original introduced by and interspersed with dancing and musical speech. Floatin' down the River, Huck and the two tramps go ashore to impersonate a dead man's heirs, are discovered, run away, are swallowed up again by the River. In this Americana Fergusson has revealed a deeper "cynical fable," which is mostly suggested by the dances designed by Martha Hill and the folk tunes imitated in the music of Gregory Tucker. Static scenes interrupted by rhythmic interludes give it the jerky effect of a Broadway musical, and in this way it fails for the most part to weld drama and dance into a whole. In a few scenes, such as the lynching, it does get a fused depth of meaning and movement that nothing since "Murder in the Cathedral" has approached.

Miss Graham has built her "Letter to the World" on the tradition of Emily Dickinson's life. The libretto consists of

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lines from her poetry spoken by The One in White, who is the external New England woman. Coming from her, returning to her, through love, death, ecstasy, dances The One in Red, the inner self of the poet. Miss Graham in this last role suggests again the purity of her "Primitive Mysteries," the puritan agony of "Act of Piety," and becomes, as is characteristic of her genius, the embodiment of the life she plays. As is apparent, the work lacks almost all dramatic structure; it is thematic, rather. Its achievement is that the words —so rightly spoken by Margaret Meredith—and the consequent movement flow in one line; they both seem to come from an antecedent buoyancy on which the inner and the outer lives alike ride.

Comparing the play with the dance, it would appear that music, drama, dance find their true relationships when some theme is discovered which naturally engenders all three, and which needs all three for its fullest expression. Specific events and their sum, a story, must be preserved, as Fergusson knows; and there also must be the fluent world of inner life that Miss Graham uses. The problems are many and will only be solved in practice such as this expanded Bennington School of the Arts makes possible. The new direction taken this year began to be apparent in the Dance School a few years back. With attendant fumbling, risk, and difficulties, the planners and performers have gone forward. Today they represent the advance guard of theater experimentation, in a world where the opportunities for such artistic growth become less each day.

SHERMAN CONRAD

# RECORDS

THE Victor set of Mozart's Symphony K. 504 ("Prague") two years ago offered an excellent performance of this beautiful work by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic, but recording that enveloped the performance in a cloud of noisy reverberation—recording similar, in fact, to some that Columbia has done recently with the Chicago Symphony. The new Columbia set of the work made by Stock with the Chicago Symphony (M-410, $3.50) offers a performance in which Stock does less than usually to disturb one's enjoyment of the music—in which, that is, he plays it quite simply, with very few of his usual inept or tasteless changes of pace; and though the recording is reverberant it allows the music to be heard clearly and agreeably. This, then, would be the set to choose even if it were not cheaper than the Victor.

Several hearings of the C minor Fantasia and Fugue for organ (Peters Book III, No. 6) well recorded for Columbia by Commette (70087-D, $1) have not altered my first impression that this is an instance of Bach's architectonics not adding up to an affecting piece of music. Wagner's Overture to "Rienzi" is something I am willing to listen to only when I have to report to readers who may be interested that it is excellently recorded by Weingartner with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra (X-169, $2.50). But the Andante and Rondo from a trumpet concerto of Haydn, brilliantly played by George Eskdale with an orchestra under Goehr (70106-D, $1), are charming.

Among Victor's delayed December sets was the one of Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," with some of Strauss's best writing along with some of his worst, effectively performed by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and superbly recorded (M-610, $10).

Additional Victor Black Label Classics include two recent recordings now issued for the first time. The two records (36322/3, $2) of the Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor" made by Eugene Goossens with the London Philharmonic I would recommend to someone who wanted only an excellent performance excellently recorded—Stokowski's Red Seal version being for the person who cares to pay twice as much for the unique tonal qualities and excitement of the Philadelphia Orchestra's playing under this conductor. The Goossens records are in one album (G-14, $3.25) with a good record (36324, $1) of the equally enjoyable March from "Prince Igor" and Polonaise from Tschaikovsky's "Eugen Onegin" made by Boult with the B. B. C. Symphony. On the other hand a warmly affectionate performance of Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic sounds a little acidulous on a high-fidelity machine and a little muffled with treble reduced. The two records (36319/20, $2) are in one album (G-12, $3.25) with an old Coates record of Wagner's early Overture to "The Fairies."

Coppola's set of Debussy's "Ibéria," which offers a more effective performance than Barbirolli's, recorded with the adequate clarity and fidelity of four years ago, has been withdrawn from the Red Seal list and reissued as a Black Label Classic (G-10, $3.25)—but with a markedly inferior second side which must have been taken from the earlier Coppola set which the four-year-old one replaced. As a result there is now no completely satisfactory version of the work to be had. The early Coates performance of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" (G-11, $3.25) is adequate, and the recording is surprisingly good, especially when the treble can be emphasized by the phonograph. This is true also of the early recording of Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Haydn in a set (G-16, $3.25) which encounters the difficulty Columbia's price reduction has created for Victor—that a record buyer offered this old recording of Casals's interesting performance for $3.25 can have Columbia's modern recording of Weingartner's fine performance for $2.50; and for myself Casals's unusual tempos are not worth the poorer recording and additional cost —though I would pay the $4.50 for the marvelous Toscanini version. (Each hearing of the work, incidentally, confirms my belief that it is Brahms's finest achievement in large forms.)

Correction: The May issue of the Vesey Music Shop's monthly review of records published the rumor that has been current all year—that the Budapest String Quartet was negotiating with Columbia. The July issue published the statement that "a sharp denial from Mr. O'Connell at R. C. A. Victor stamps this rumor as utterly false. The Budapest Quartet has just signed a long-term contract with the Victor company and is going to be kept quite busy at their studios." Mr. O'Connell did not say that negotiations were going on between the Budapest Quartet and Victor, or that a contract was about to be signed; he said that a contract actually had been signed. And I must ask indulgence for the naivete which led me to assume that this was a statement which even an executive of a record company would not make unless it were true, and on this assumption to write in my column that the Budapest Quartet had signed with Victor. It has signed with Columbia; and there is now a good chance of our getting the recordings of the Budapest performances of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, and Haydn that there should be. I hope that Columbia will rise to the occasion with better quartet recording than it has done recently; and that the Budapest group will be stubborn about it.

B. H. HAGGIN

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# *Letters to the Editors*

## Men and Dividends

*Dear Sirs:* Does not the contrast between recruiting methods proposed for individuals needed for the defense program and procurement methods used to obtain equipment and supplies for the same program raise some crucial questions of human rights as opposed to property rights?

Congressmen and columnists alike, in discussing the proposed conscription bill, advance arguments which are the direct opposite of the considerations they find persuasive in the case of industrial contracts for defense purposes. In the case of industry, restraints must be removed, more than normal profits must be assured, protection from possible losses from all sources must be provided in the contract, funds must be advanced for plant extensions, tax procedures must be revised, social legislation must be repealed, labor must be bullied, and finally, at long last, a contract gets signed, after industry is satisfied that no more can be squeezed out at this time. For industry the only inducement to produce for defense is the promise of profits—more profits than could be had from devoting the same resources to peace-time production.

The delays in executing a contract are enormous as a result of all this higgling for the most advantageous conceivable terms. (How long, by the way, would a labor leader last if he higgled an equal length of time?) But any suggestion that a little compulsion on industry might speed up, or cheapen, defense production is ascribed to base motives.

The country needs men, as well as equipment. How are the men to be obtained? They are to be conscripted. They will receive as compensation the munificent sum of $21 per month. Why don't we obtain the needed million and a half men by bidding for them on the open market? Because we can't afford it, and besides, that would be undemocratic. Let's see. One and a half million men at $150 a month (does any one doubt that we could get them at that price?) would cost 2.7 billion dollars for the year. Congress has appropriated, to date, some 14 billion for extraordinary defense, of which over 13 billion is for equipment and supplies. Yet 20 per cent of this sum for one of the best years in the lives of one and a half million citizens is so prohibitive it cannot be considered.

As to the other argument, why is it democratic to force men to give one year to the country but un-American to suggest that General Motors make a similar sacrifice? On behalf of myself and all other potential conscripts, I do most vehemently protest against being regarded as of less consequence than a dividend.

M. T. A.

Washington, August 15

## In Re the Third Term

*Dear Sirs:* Discussions of the danger of dictatorship inherent in a third Presidential term invariably omit two important considerations: (1) The country possesses the same safeguards against dictatorship, and in equal potency, at the end of twelve years as at the end of four. (2) A man with the desire and the capacity to become dictator can do so quite as well during the first year as during the ninth.

IRVING F. MORROW

San Francisco, Cal., August 5

## For Armistice and Peace

*Dear Sirs:* I feel that the withdrawal of Oswald Garrison Villard from *The Nation* was a war catastrophe of first magnitude. To use *your* word regarding Mr. Villard's articles, I am more "frightened" by the emotionalism and hysteria in Washington for vast war preparedness, which you support, than I am by his pacifist articles. The outlook is bleak indeed when our leading intellectual journals are apparently swayed by such slogans as "arm against the totalitarian states," "every aid to the Allies short of war," and "the British fleet our defense against Hitler." The journal that was not hoodwinked by Wilson's war slogans—"make the world safe for democracy" and "this war against Kaiserism"—is today led astray by "make our world safe against Hitlerism." It is a blow that you are giving *The Nation* over to the war machine, even as Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and other feminist and pacifist leaders "gave" the Woman Suffrage Association over to the war machine in 1917, when Jane Addams and others continued to steer straight and true.

I hope and pray that Washington may recover from its hysteria and build as its chief war industry an open channel for the discussion of peace terms. Let us be "realistic" in a mad world and become the persistent mediator for armistice and peace. If our government spent only a fraction of the energy and emotion and money now being spent on war objectives for peace objectives, the suffering peoples of the world would rise up and bless us, eventually, at least. Could anything be more worth trying?

ANNE MARTIN

Carmel, Cal., August 10

## The Enemy Within

*Dear Sirs:* Your decision to put the spotlight on the enemies in our midst who may be plotting against us in the interest of a foreign power is most timely and desirable. *The Nation* is particularly well suited for this task by reason of its reputation for broad liberalism, which will preclude the charge of witch-hunting.

The most insidious plotters are those who masquerade as defenders of our democracy, and they deserve the special attention of your investigators.

JULIUS MARCUS

Alhambra, Cal., August 13

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